

IVY LEAVES
ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE



Anderson College

Arabic Travel

As my caravan races through Arabian sands
And of coolness and water I'm thinking,
I look at the blisters that cover each hand
While the men on my sides think of drinking.

I wish I could stop and reclaim all my breath.
"What a lone golden world," I would say.
But try as I might, I would only bring death—
Just another Arabian day!

My camel is slowing, the sun's scorching hot
And the sand on the ground burns like fire.
Temptation is glowing for a soft, springy cot
But the thought of warm food spurs me higher.

On goes the day, without an oasis,
But the sun above isn't as bright.
Without a nice breeze, to show us its graces—
Just another Arabian night!

Although it is dark now, the heat is still there,
But I see it now, round, like a dome.
With no calm-like patience and no mercy to spare,
I ride the last miles to my home.

Lying in darkness, as the wind beats the door,
I think of my life with such sorrow.
Should I stay, for I can't take much more
As I try not to think of tomorrow?

—Adrienne Geer

r o s i e

the riveter reflects

on Post-War Feminism, the Nuclear Family, and Minute Rice

Popularized in song. Pasteurized in myth.
Watered down through generations,
as a costume one day for Laverne
and Shirley look-a-likes. Or worse,
a tattoo on an overweight biceps.

Homefront Heroine,
the hardest job I've ever had.
Competing with Camel girls for calendar coverage
as poster girl for the un-armed forces—
troops left behind to cook, sew, and weld—
pounding rivets into B-24's, singing
"We can do it girls . . ."
Sandwiched between flag and ham
and thirty pounds of rivet gun,
a regular Rockwell print
for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

But imagine sending your six year old to school
promising her father's return
from the bomber he's flying
over another six year old's house,
a bomber you helped make between
scrambling eggs at 5 a.m.
and tucking kids in with Dr. Seuss and Uncle Sam.
You too may be a nuclear family
before it's all over with.

—Jennifer Brown

The truth, it seems, is often found
In all men do and say.
His bumbled mind can't comprehend
This jumbled ugly mess.
He wipes his brow, he grits his teeth,
And steps out for a breath.

The moist thick air from deep within
Clouds 'round his slight enchantment;
The bloodshot numbness of his hand
Again wipes his brow, as his heart bleeds.
He cries out in silence

"I am not the man I once began as;
I stumble on my own defense.
I see it in the air, the trees;
Why don't they see?
Why do they want to be a society
That strays so far from conformity,
Only to fall right back into its slippery grip?
A people that long so much for individualism
That they create predictable robots.
They all want to be different;
They all want to fight the norms, break the codes, rebel.

Break the norms around your ankles,
Break the codes you grasp to, vertically, each day,
Looking on the other side, longing for truth.
Look at your world differently.
Stand on a desk and look at an office;
Watch a conversation from afar.
Don't go against conformity like everyone else.
Go against the norms that rip you from reality.
Not rebelling is real rebellion.
Not pretending is real creating,
Not deceiving is true deception.
Throw your arms up and receive your Maker."

Shaking the cold, brisk, mountain
Snow off his jacket, he walks back
Into the party, and tells himself to be new.

—Asa Moran



Heather Rollins

Untitled

Conte'

A Farewell to Hope

Clouds thunder across the sky,
Winds roll across the dark plain.
The atmosphere foretells what is
About to happen on this sleepy day.
Just yesterday, I bade my love farewell.
My gentle wife looked through my
Eyes into my heart one last time.
And now the Roundheads are coming,
Chanting their psalms, ready to fight.
Soon I would see what would make history.
An army impassioned with the mission
Of purifying His bride.
And then my heart was filled with
Uncertain loyalty to the king.
Had I bowed my knee to a statue of gold?

—*Christopher Fyock*

Cleaning Woman at the Mall

Yellow is a good color, I think,
 a yellow dress,
 long and flowing,
with soft red flowers for good measure,
 and a big hat—one of amber straw,
 brim turned just so.
She spoke no word,
 looked not my way,
but I liked her yellow dress,
 with soft red flowers,
and the way her hips swayed
 (as if to music),
as she moved out of sight,
 wearing amber straw
 (with a bright blue flower)
at a saucy angle
atop her head.

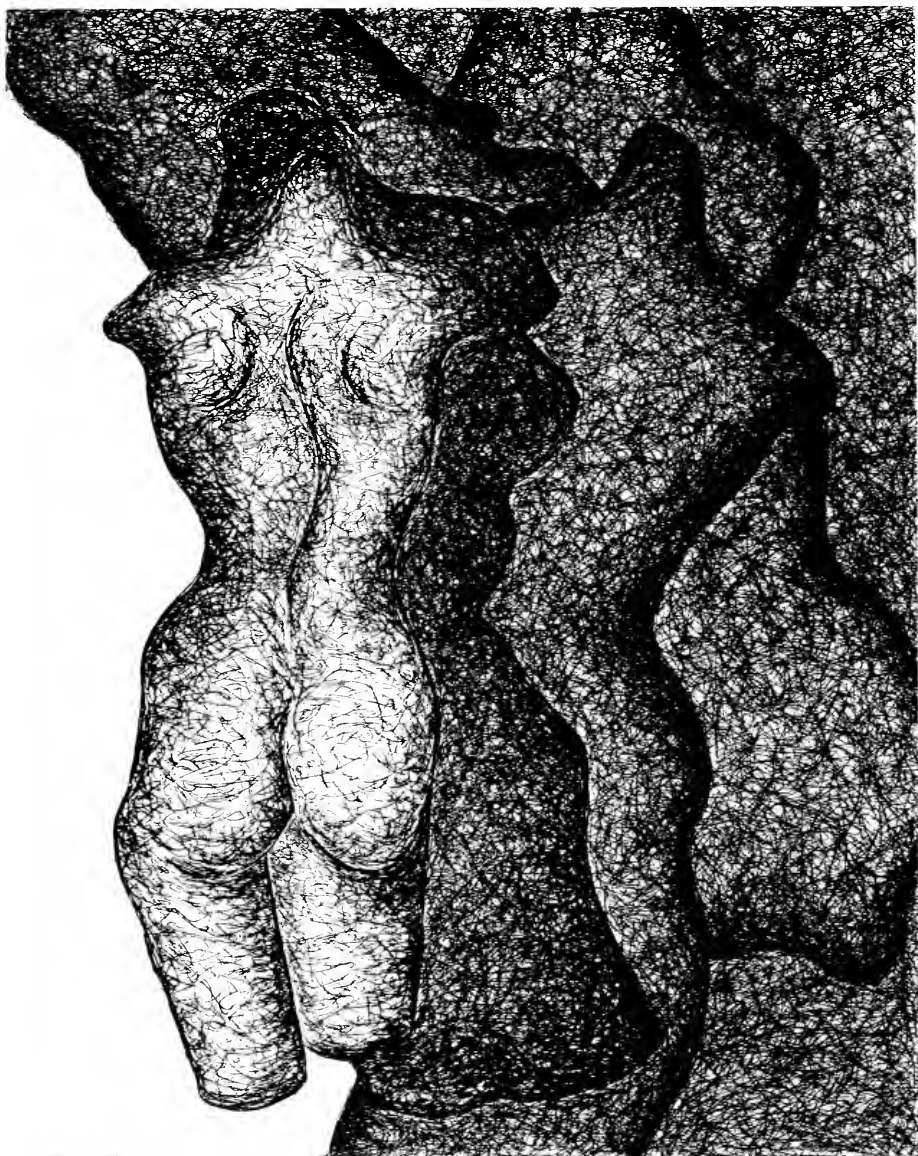
—*Margaret B. Hayes*

Venus

In her I see the vision of the wanna-be me,
the one with longer, golden locks.
The me that's almost there
or has been, at times.
Flattered myself for years as her type,
something about her I recognized in myself.
The hair, the eyes, tempera skin
or was it soft belly, small breasts
and other private imperfections?
More flattered when he said she was a tribute to *me*
engraved on his left arm,
not the side most often seen.

Once again, Venus stands in
as allegory for those who have been shamed.
Born of shale and foam and wind from the west,
blown in, waved around, put out to sea again.
Painted more often than Odalisque,
although more deceitful and plain each time.
Loving all men with equal measure,
despising all women with equal fame.
To be admired less than one,
the fear of the shift in years to come.
If they had known,
would they have worshipped her the same?

—Jennifer Brown



Julia Goldie

Transcendent

Etching

Shadow Dancers

What elegant and graceful men dance deep into the night
They dance into the darkest wood without a trace of fright

They lead the girls with lonely hearts so tenderly away
Into the land where shadows dwell, where sleep and sorrow play

A smooth and sculpted body, with long, dark, wavy hair
A lovely pair of sky blue eyes, complexions hard and fair

They dance their wicked shadow dance with handsome smiling faces
The spells they cast make young girls dream of magic scenic places

You never see them after dawn or so close before twilight
If you like living with the sun, stand firm beside the light

But I fear deeply for the ones who dance themselves astray
For never again will they ever see the golden light of day

The dancers call so far and wide for the sad and brokenhearted
And when you dance the shadow dance they cannot be outsmarted

So call with love to those who dance in shock beneath the moon
The ones who dance and sing out loud with the shadow dancer's tune

If ever you see a shadow dancer try not to fall in love
Never could he treasure you, or treat you like the dove

Gentlemen and handsome dears the dancers seem to be
But when you dance the shadow dance, then, never are you free

So let them dance their hungry dance, and let them go on their way
When shadow dancers lead you along with them you'll always stay

—*Adrienne Geer*

My Dish

O.K., I'm gonna call and I don't want him thinking I want another date. What should I say?

"Hi, Thomas. This is Theresa. How are you? Listen, you can just leave my dish in the entryway. It'll be O.K. No one will take it. Just huck it in a bag. Thanks!"

O.K., that didn't work. Maybe, I should mention that it's part of my "I'm-never-gonna-get-married-so-I'd-better-buy-myself-some-dishes" Bloomingdales set. That might sound pretentious, and I want to keep him thinking that I would have no idea what Bloomingdale's is.

"Hi, Thomas. This is Theresa. It's been a few weeks and I'm just wondering if you got my last message? Anyways, just calling to tell you that you can either drop off my dish or I'll pick it up. Just huck it in a bag and leave it outside your place or you can leave it in my entryway. 'Kay?"

Well, I'm starting to worry. It has been over a month and no dish. He just keeps calling and asking how things are going and doesn't even mention the dish. I'm just about to get "black" on him. No, I'll try one more time.

"Hi, Thomas. It's Theresa. O.K., listen, I'm fine, the cat is fine, everything is fine. How is my dish? If you don't want to drop it off, or have me pick it up, you can mail it. Just huck it in a box!"

It's guys like these who make dating deadly. What else can I say? He keeps leaving messages like, "We just keep missing each other!" I don't think he knows how lucky that is. This guy is trying to make me crack and it's working. He just wants me to be the typical "black woman" he just knows I am. He's already told me that he thinks I'm suppressing my "blackness." Well, for the betterment of my race, I'll give it one last try.

"Hello, it's Theresa, once again. Please listen to me, I really want my dish back. I miss it. The other dishes in the set miss it. The cat misses it. Just let me know when and I'll pick it up. Just let me know."

That's it! No more Theresa, it's time for F. Theresa to take over. No more discussion needed.

"I think I know what's going on. You meet someone. You are invited over to dinner. You claim the main course is beyond description. You take leftovers home. Success! You are a pot stealer. Hell, I don't know, you probably collect any and everything from bobby pins up. It just happens to be a dish this time. Or, maybe, I'm a participant in a sinister study of the female psyche under the stress of being 'dish-less.' Sorry, I couldn't help myself. Look, at least one word got through to you—'miss.' Okay, let's make a deal. Since you 'miss' our conversation and I 'miss' my dish, why don't we have a conversations based on the return of my dish? Call me. I'll be home tomorrow night after eight."

I would like to believe that that will do it, but after three months, who can be sure?

—*F. Theresa Gillard*

Stand Fast

Looking down from the top of the castle,
The city could hardly be seen.
Fog cover'd some unknown story.
Who knew what our mile walk would bring?

We looked through the house of Mary the Scot
Taking in all that we could.
When we walked to the back, we saw the mountains
And an old cross in the abbey that still stood.

I remembered how there once was a brotherhood—
A thousand years ago, each at prayer in his cell.
They preached the light of God in that darkness,
But by the sword of the pagan they fell.

They used to sit before that old cross copying by hand
The words of Moses and Christ.
They contended for the faith once for all handed down
Though it cost every last one of them his life.

Upon that high hill, the elders met centuries later
To swear an oath by the cross of their fathers:
To defend the only one true and right faith
Against the lies and idols of Cromwell's invaders.

They entered into and cut a solemn covenant by blood
Though outnumbered fifty to one.
Death was certain, but they looked down to the cross
Before that dark day had become.

"Be strong and very courageous" read the monks and the
covenanters
Who would not bow to idols and deny what is true.
May we, with them, deny ourselves and pick up our cross,
Willing to die and take its blood oath too.

—*Christopher Fyock*



To sort through the puzzle you face. To sort through the puzzle you face.
To sort through the puzzle you face.

To create and give insight,
To say great things.
My thoughts seem so trite and useless.
Why would you care,
Or even consider the issues
That cover my world?
Conveying their deeper meaning
Seems pointless and hopeless.

I want to contribute,
To sort through burdens,
To sort through the puzzle you face.
But my lack of words
And my half-hearted desire
Fail miserably each time.

The stagnant phrases
That slip from my lukewarm lips
Graze by you softly,
leaving perhaps a memory,
But a fading memory.
My words hold not the strength
To strike that nerve,
To dredge out that fervor,
That will to fight.

But, my friend, perseverance is my mentor,
And I will affect you.
My ever-present, all-encompassing,
And totally infectious attitude
Will reach you.
I will continue to smile upon that day.

—Asa Moran

First Love

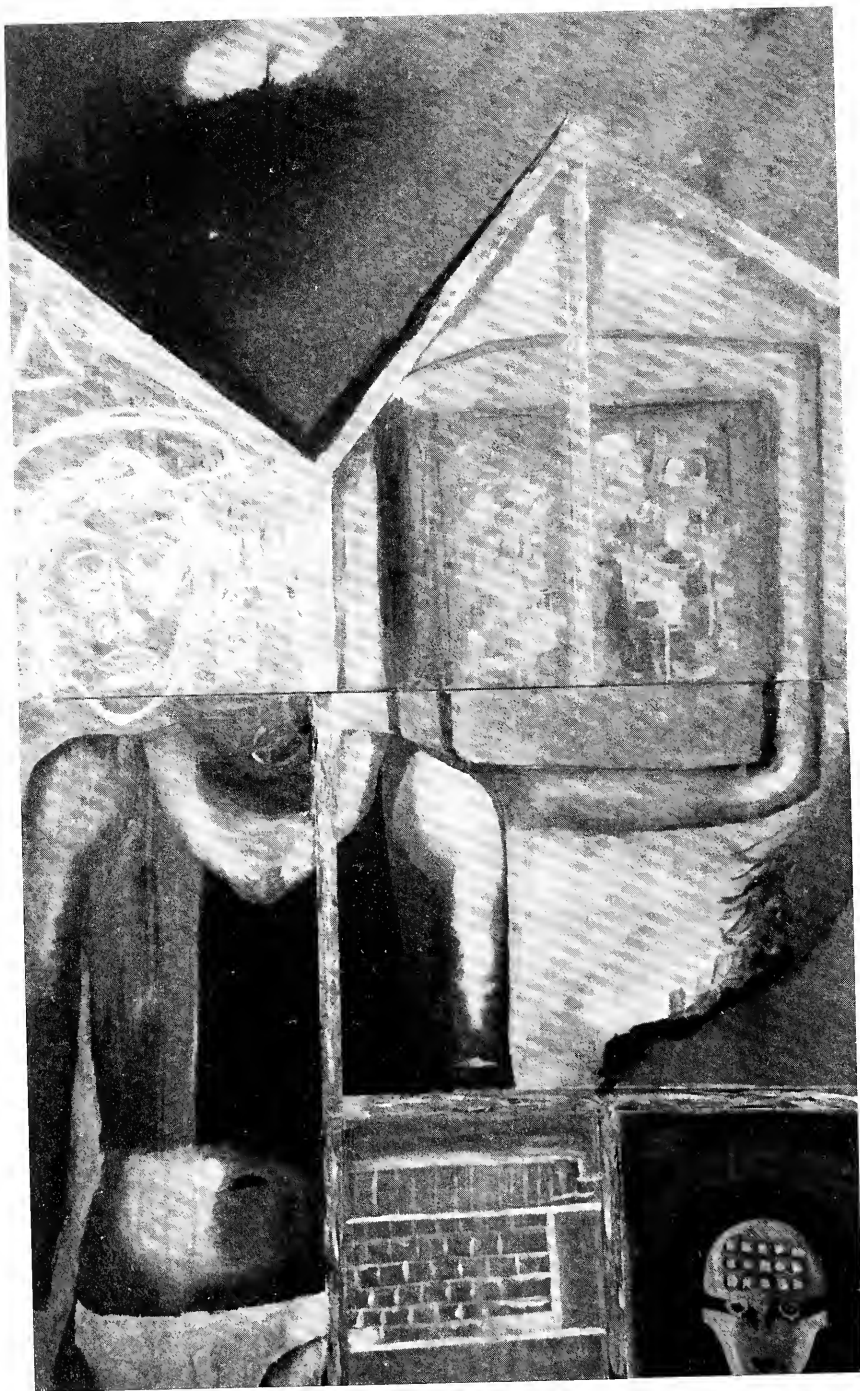
Takes only a moment to crush a rose,
Bleed away its first sweet flush.
Held too tightly in the bud,
Its petals fall, weeping,
 to the ground.
Did I ever love you?
In the beginning
 was all sweetness.
In a while,
I wondered,
For,
Held too tightly,
Like the rose,
My love bled slowly
from your hand,
Dripping,
 dripping,
 dripping,
Through your fingers.
—Margaret B. Hayes



Chris Dunagin

Me, You, the Music . . .

Linoleum Print



Brian Gaines

Reticulation of Faith vs. the New Martyrs

Acrylic

Requiem

The old apple tree has fallen down,
broke loose at the root,
No one picks it up;
No one takes it away.
The trunk,
 once firm, tall, strong,
 stretched out like a
 slain Goliath.
Gone, its time of fruitfulness,
Relinquished, its hold on earth,
Given up its reach to sky.
Collapsed into a helpless head,
it lies grieving beneath a green vine
that hugs close
its bare branches and
covers its nakedness.
One feels like shedding tears
to see it humbled so—
Like tip-toeing
past
a grave.

—Margaret B. Hayes

Carrie

I stumbled upon a waterfall
Embedded deep within the woods;
A child I became again—
Above me a tree house my father made,
And the creek where tiny minnows escape
Curiosity's little hands.
Caught in between the rocks,
Was an old rotten shirt I tore chasing Carrie—

In a glimpse, I saw them—
Us—
Running through the trees,
Sometimes we just hid from life.
Carrie never would call for help,
And I know her father let her fall.
A vision of me, in the water before I ran away—
Rolls slowly over the rocks to the silent bottom.
—Amy Brooks



The Fields of Pan

The sounds of pipes are floating past along these
sloping hills
To see the gnomes and fairies dancing encloses
me with thrills

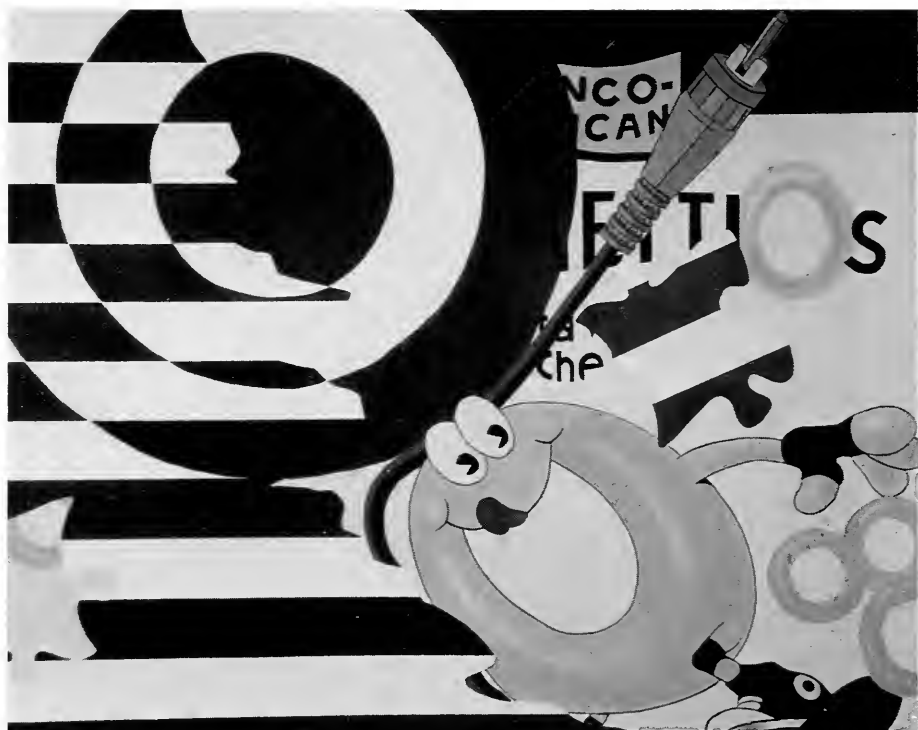
The pixies skip behind my feet, as our host sings
nice nearby
He blows a note on his silver pipe as he gazes at
the sky

The fawns all dance and tick their hooves on the
pebbles by the Stream
The atmosphere is warm and bright like a most
amazing dream.

The moon glows softly on my skin as the breeze
blows like a fan
As the goblins moan, with my arms held high,
along the fields of Pan.

—Adrienne Geer

*As the goblins moan, with my arms held high,
along the fields of Pan.*



David Parker

The Franco-American Experiment

Acrylic

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